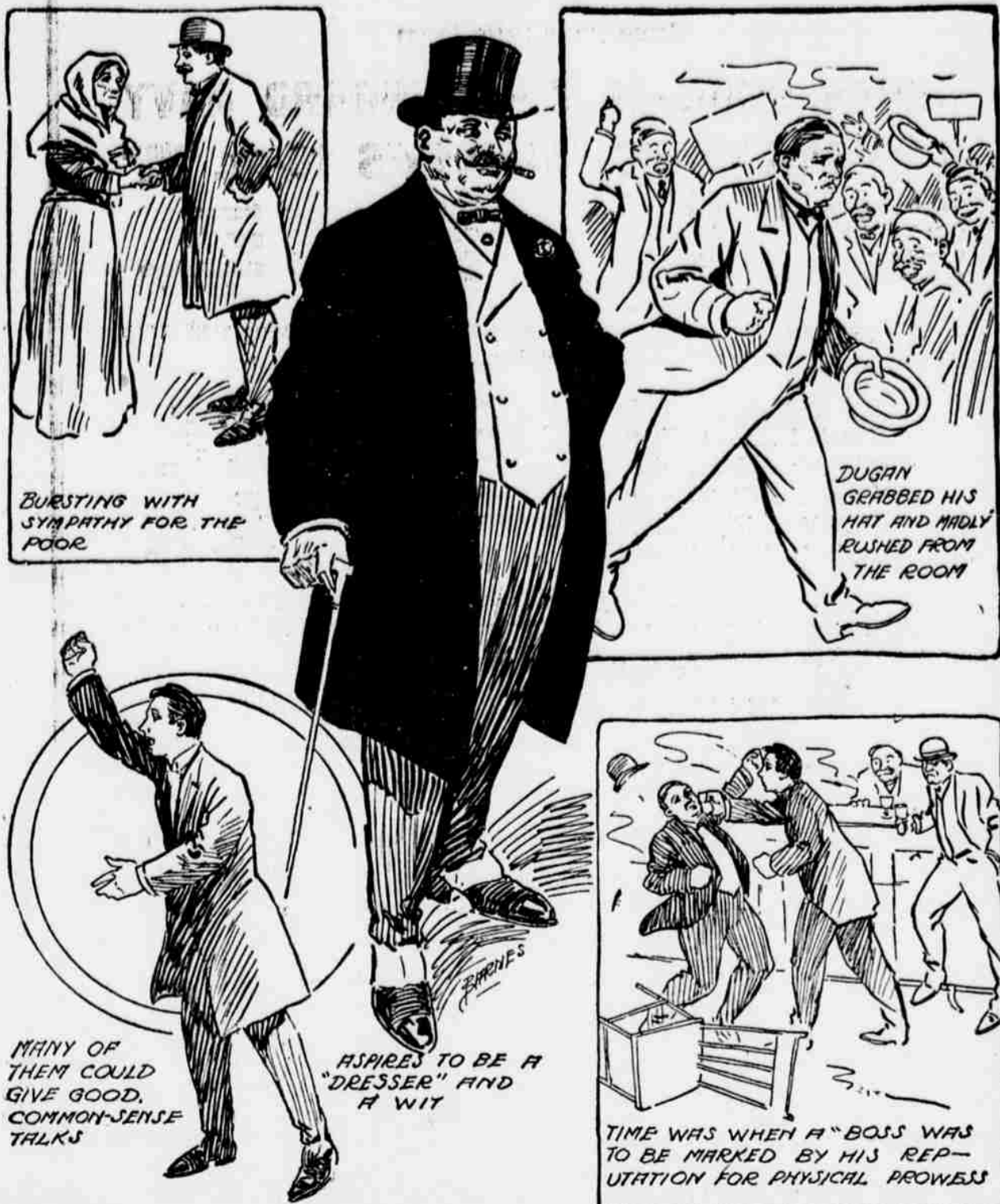


# BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLITICS

## THE WARD BOSSES

By ERNEST M'GAFFEY



WARD "bosses" come and go. They rise and fall, and one makes room for another. The fluctuations in politics are as sudden and abrupt as the changes in the stock market, and the "boss" of last year may be the plainest of plain citizens the ensuing year. One thing is morally certain, there will never be an elimination of "bosses" in politics, because leaders are an absolute necessity in every movement, and prime ministers and presidents are as surely political "bosses" as are the ward politicians who hold their wards in the hollow of their hands.

Some people, good people, too, have started in to fight "bosses," and have ended up by co-operating with them and getting their aid to improve conditions in certain districts. Fighting a political "boss" is an uphill job, for "the respectables," so-called, are usually too busy to give any assistance, and the "boys" are all with the "boss." I remember a reformer who tried to win out on the presidency of a ward club against the "boss." He tried two years and was defeated, but the third term he seemed to be sure of success. Nearly every one of the members of the club promised him aid, and Dugan, as I will call him, had high hopes. The night of the election, with 189 members present, Dugan's name was put before the club amid a storm of applause. His nomination was seconded by at least five additional speeches, each a glowing eulogy of "Danny Dugan's staunch qualities and services to the party." Dugan sat entranced with the praises which were being handed out to him. The "boss" candidate, Casey, was nominated in a half-dozen words and feebly seconded by only one individual.

Dugan himself was appointed one of the tellers, and a roar of approbation shook the hall as the chairman announced his selection. Dugan went up and down the aisles, and everybody gave him the "glad hand" and folded their ballots and tossed them into the hat he carried with "There's another for you, Dan, old boy," or "Hurrah for Danny Dugan."

He had a ballot shoved at him with the injunction, "Make it unanimous, Danny; hurl in a vote for your own ticket," and he put his ballot in the other teller's hat and sat down in the seventh heaven of anticipation. The counting was finished in a few minutes and Dugan smiled as he saw the ballots all going over to one side. "It's a walk-away," he whispered to the man next to him. "It's a landslide," said his neighbor. The chairman stepped to the front of the platform and announced the vote for president as follows: "For Peter Casey, 188 votes; for Daniel Dugan, one vote." Dugan grabbed his hat and madly

rushed from the room, with a perfect howl of cheers following him. It was his last appearance in politics.

The term "political boss" images to most people a stoutly-built man with a plug hat and a large diamond, who smokes long black cigars and rules his ward or district with a rod of iron. Sometimes he is represented as a man with a heart bursting with sympathy for the poor, who squeezes the rich citizen to help out the constituents whose votes he harvests on election day. He is generally typified as eloquently profane, and story-writers delight to set him down invariably as of Irish birth.

As a matter of fact, however, there are just as many different "bosses" as there are nationalities in the large cities, for a "boss" is simply a leader for the time being, and that may be for a few months, a few years or longer. And some of the most successful of all "bosses," politically speaking, have been Americans. The present president of the United States is one of the most masterful of political bosses. Who in his party dare openly say him "nay" with any hope of winning out against his rock-rooted strength?

The "boss" in the cities, however, especially the typical ward "boss," is often a man who may be evolved by either accident or design. Sometimes a man goes into the game to help a friend out, or to satisfy a grudge, and the glamor of the thing attracts him and he stays in, to finally emerge as a full-blown "leader." And some one of the young fellows who go into politics deliberately will work on for years in the same ward, growing up with the people who live there, identifying himself with them and their interests and finally winning the confidence of his constituents so lastingly that they will vote almost to a man as he wishes.

A true "boss" both follows and leads. He knows what his "people" want, and he does not stray far away from their desires. If his ward has a constituency which favors a liberal interpretation of the liquor question he is for the "open" Sunday, and even the all-night saloon, if necessary. He is strong on the subject of "the poor man's club" and hot against "blue laws" and for the maximum of "personal liberty." Incidentally, he favors a low license, usually.

If a "boss" lives in a Prohibition district he fulminates against "the demon rum" and points out statistically the ruin wrought by drink. This may not prevent him from having his "high-balls" at the club, or his champagne at the political banquets, but makes him strong with the voters whose support he seeks. He is on the alert for "blind pigs," or places where liquor is smuggled in and sold secretly, and he leads delegations to the

mayor's office and to the legislatures to protest against the vice of drinking.

The average "political boss" is in politics strictly for "what is in it," and that means that he is neither in the game for his health, his recreation nor his spiritual welfare. And why not? Do business or professional men enter into their respective vocations for any of the above reasons? I trow not. The "boss" has one fixed, set idea, and that is to "get there," as he would express it; to accumulate a large roll of simoleons and then retire to some respectable residence portion of the city and forget the low, coarse mob with which he was compelled to associate while he was getting his start. The successful ones do this, and the unsuccessful ones remain at the same old stand, reviling the ingratitude of the ones who "made the rifle" and got away with their "bundle."

Ward "bosses" often combine to accomplish results, and they often cut the ground from under one another without the slightest compunction. I never knew but one "boss" whose word was absolutely and entirely to be depended on both as to what he could do, and what he would do. He could tell to a certainty about how his ward would go, and if he gave his word as to the delegates he never under any circumstances broke. He was a man of strong likes and dis-

likes and exceedingly blunt in his way of putting things. But he could neither be wheedled nor intimidated. The mere fact that he had promised the support of his delegates in a convention to a certain candidate did not determine that he would support that candidate at the polls on election. But just so far as his word went, that promise was iron-clad and irrevocable.

Time was when a "boss" was to be marked by his reputation for physical prowess. But those days are in the sore and yellow leaf. Strange to say, even in the toughest of the "tough" wards, the "leaders" are very seldom now men who depend on their "knock down and drag out" abilities. The "boss" of to-day aspires to be a "dresser" and a wit, not a "slugger." Pugilism is left to its regular exponents, and though many of the "bosses" may be patrons of the sparring matches, they have given the rough-and-tumble method of the past the good-by, and plume themselves on smoother plans to achieve success.

Such a thing as a conscience is something that no unscrupulous ward "boss" will harbor, for to him conscience is a dead letter in politics. Besides, a "boss" may be in one party one year, and on the other side of the fence the next year. He may support a measure at first and then "switch" and fight it. Expediency is his watchword, and he will support a man whom he cordially despises if he can see advantage to himself in the end. The questions of party principles have an exceedingly hazy interest to him, for the class with which he mingles, and the interests which he represents, have no time at all to study political economy, and no inclination towards the ethical side of politics.

It was a matter of genuine interest to meet the various "bosses," big and little, and weigh them and analyze them as they came into my perspective. They were always a trifle curious as to just how I happened to be in politics, and I am quite certain they were decidedly uncertain as to just how I came to be holding down a fair-salaried position when I could not deliver delegates; and yet, meeting me in the game at every turn, from the primaries to the national conventions, they knew I was "keeping cases," as they may have expressed it, and that in some mysterious way I must be of some value in the sum total of elements making up political life.

The question of silent "bosses" and talkative "bosses" is one which has been variously reviewed, and the average judgment has been that the silent "boss" was the great power. The fact was that the "silent" boss could talk fast enough when he wanted to, and the talkative boss could "stand pat" when he so desired. If it was the nature of a "boss" to talk he did so; if he was naturally a secretive man, he kept still generally. The most effective combination was the "Boss" who could talk or keep still as occasion demanded, and who could neither be goaded nor coaxed into either silence or speech against his better judgment.

It could be said in favor of nearly every real ward "boss" that he was not an orator. Not in the sense of a "silver-tongued spell-binder." Many of them could give good, common-sense talks, and effective ones, too, but they did not essay to split the welkin with their perorations, and rather despised in their hearts the "wind-jammer" and his periods. At the same time, for a genuinely great speaker they had a deep respect and enjoyed hearing him. As for the "man with the pen," they were never unwilling to avail themselves of his services if he could "make good" with anything to help on a campaign.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.  
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## LONGEVITY IN HOT CLIMATES

Tropical Races Are Shown to Be Much Longer Lived.

Because in tropical countries more decayed vegetable matter is found and in consequence more miasma, the idea has become popular that only vigorous health and long life are likely in northern latitudes where frost now and then asserts itself. The fact that humanity matures much earlier in tropical climates seems to warrant the conclusion that it must necessarily perish much earlier. Dr. Luigi Sambon of Rome attempts to put the popular impression to sleep by an elaborate exhibition of statistics.

He doesn't contend that the warmest climate is the most suitable to a man, under the conditions of modern civilization, but he remonstrates vigorously against the idea that a cold and variable climate is the most conducive to the physical and intellectual improvement of the human race. While northern climates may produce stalwart frames, statistics show that they do not conduce to longevity. In proof of his position the doctor cites the fact that the average Arab outlives the average Esquimaux by not less than 25 years.

He shows that the people who live along the unhealthy coasts of Central and South America survive the inhabitants of the higher and cooler altitudes of the interior. He shows also that the Hindus, who often reach puberty as early as nine years, live to a surprising old age. The inhabitants of the southern countries of Europe are found to live much longer than those of the more northern latitudes.

To illustrate, in England in a population of 27,000,000 there are but 146 centenarians, while in Spain, with a population of but 18,000,000, there are 401 centenarians. The probabilities are that the great mortality found in southern latitudes is found in the cities, and is therefore not so much the fault of the climate as of an in difference to sanitary laws.

Forcing His Chances.  
"So Shadiboy is in trouble again?"  
"Yes, a bit of a card scandal."  
"I told him not to play unless he could afford to lose."  
"He must have gotten your advice mixed, and decided he couldn't afford to play unless he didn't lose."—Wash. Linton Star.

## DAD AND HIS MEMORY.

Old Gentleman Really Had Very Little to Brag About.

It was a severe trial to Mr. Harding that his only son's memory was not all that could be desired. "Where in the world he got such a forgetful streak from is beyond me," said the exasperated father to his wife on one occasion.

"What has he forgotten now?" asked Mrs. Harding, with eyes downcast and a demure expression.

"The figures of the last return from the election on the bulletin-board," and Mr. Harding inserted a finger in his collar as if to loosen it, and shook his head vehemently. "Looked at 'em as he came past not half an hour ago, and now can't tell me."

"As I said to him: 'If you're so stupid you can't keep a few simple figures in your head, why don't you write 'em down on a piece of paper, as I do, and have done all my life, long before I was your age?'" Youth's Companion.

## \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have much faith in its curative powers, and they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Sent for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## That Inarticulate Cry.

"Railway employees are cautioned not to give any information to the curious public, are they not?"

"They must be. Even the brakeman seems inclined to make you guess at the names of the stations."—Washington Star.

The water is pure, the soil rich, the climate healthful and delightful, and the people prosperous in South Texas. You can buy from 10 to 640 acres of land and 2 town lots there for \$210 at \$10 per month. Write Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

## Entirely Sufficient.

First Boy—I'm going to study French this summer.

Second Boy—Well, I can speak two languages now.

First Boy—What are they?

Second Boy—English and football.

## Ask Your Grocer for "Our-Pie."

If your grocer is one of the few who have not "OUR-PIE" Preparation in stock send his name and 10 cents to D-Zerta Food Co., Rochester, N. Y., and they will mail you a full size, two pie package free. Three kinds, for making delicious lemon, chocolate and custard pies.

## Unique.

"I have something novel in the way of a melodrama."

"State your case."

"The blacksmith is a rascal, while the banker is about as honest as the day is long!"—Exchange.

Will you buy now, or will you wait until the good land is all gone. From 10 to 640 acres and 2 town lots of the choicest land in South Texas, for \$210, at \$10 per month. Write Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

## The Modern Nomad.

"Did you ask that man why he paid rent instead of owning his own home?"

asked the real estate agent.

"Yes," answered the other. "He said he didn't. He kept moving."

On assured railroad 36 miles from San Antonio, Texas, the man of small means can buy a farm of from 10 to 640 acres and 2 town lots for \$210. Fine climate, good water, rich soil, \$10 per month. Write Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

Nature is sometimes kind. Occasionally a red-headed man gets bald.

## Habitual Constipation

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"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

## FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

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